

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



AN UNEXPECTED VISIT FROM MR. VERITY.

FAIRLY-CUM-FORELANDS;

OR, OUR PARISH AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER III.—PARISH GOSSIP—A GREAT TO DO ABOUT
ALICE BERNERS.

ABOUT a fortnight after the scene described in the last chapter, Mr. Verity knocked at Dixon's door in the middle of the day. Dorothy was surprised, for it was not his habit to call except when John

was at home. He looked very grave indeed; she concluded, therefore, that his business must be with her husband. "John is never at home at this time, sir; he takes his dinner with him: if you remember, sir, he told you so."

Mr. Verity said, patting the heads of the children, "I wanted *you* to-day Mrs. Dixon; where can these youngsters go? for my business is not for their ears."

No. 499,—JULY 18, 1861.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Oh, sir," said Dorothy, with some trepidation at the thought of a private conference, "I'll send them to school."

When the cottage was cleared, Mr. Verity began his subject, not without hesitation. "Mrs. Dixon, you are so highly respectable in your conduct, that I cannot help placing entire confidence in your word." (Dorothy coloured, but merely dropped a curtsey in reply). "You are no tale-bearer, no meddler in other folks' matters, no gossip, no busy-body, no backbiter—all hateful names! happy is this for you, for your husband, and for your children."

"If I'm not, sir," said Dorothy ingenuously, "the thanks is to John, who won't let me be."

She evidently lost nothing, in Mr. Verity's esteem, by this reply.

"This character, Mrs. Dixon, makes everything that you say worthy of notice. There are too many here for whose reports I should care little, I am sorry to say, so destitute do they seem of the principle of love and truth; but what you say, I repeat, I must attend to. I am sure," he continued, finding Dorothy only grew more and more like a peony, and did not speak, "I am sure you would not take away a good name, nor accuse the innocent of evil."

"No, sir," she vehemently answered, "I wouldn't do that of my own mind, let alone John."

"I believe, I believe it," said Mr. Verity, with somewhat of sadness, "and I grieve the more, therefore, to trace to you a report which has given me more pain than I can describe."

Dorothy looked with anxious inquiry.

"You know Alice Berners?"

"Yes, sir, I've known her from her childhood."

"Intimately?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I'm intimate with anybody. John is very particular about me neighbouring; but I'm always very friendly with Alice when I see her."

"Have you seen much of her lately?"

"No, sir, not more than to pass the time of day to her, for a month or more."

"Do you know of her engagement to Josh Harrington?"

"I've heard tell on it, sir."

"Oh, you know it; come, speak out," said Mr. Verity, with his eyes fixed full upon her.

"Well, sir, I suppose everybody knows it," said Dorothy, rather alarmed at his vehemence.

"And do you know of her keeping up an acquaintance with Sky Williamson, the poacher?"

"No, sir, I don't," said Dorothy, with hesitation.

"I think you are not quite sure," said Mr. Verity; "you have at any rate heard of it?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I haven't heard of it; but I don't know it, nor believe it."

"How! you don't believe it? Your brother at Willoughby believes it, I suppose?"

Dorothy looked bewildered, and simply answered, "Does he?"

"Yes; your brother at Willoughby saw her dancing with Williamson at Willoughby feast, where she left her grandfather, pretending she was going to stay all night at farmer Stone's."

"Why! did he indeed?" said Dorothy, with a

gasp, and look of unfeigned surprise and indignation.

"Did he?" said Mr. Verity. "Why, you know he did."

"Never knew it till this moment, sir," said Dorothy, warmly: "never heard it neither, till now."

It was Mr. Verity's turn to look surprised. "Mrs. Dixon," he said, "did you never say that your brother had told you this?"

"I should like to know how I could, sir, when I never heard of it before," she said quickly.

"Then, perhaps it is equally untrue that you said you saw Alice walking with Williamson, in the field above your cottage, at five in the morning, when your husband was going to work?"

"Of course it is," said Dorothy, almost out of breath; "who says I did?"

"Stop, stop," said Mr. Verity, whose spirits were rising, as Dorothy's consternation increased, "I have one thing more to ask. Did you say that Reuben Berners had complained to you, or your husband, of his grand-daughter saying that he had no comfort by reason of her ill conduct; that she neglected her work to follow Williamson about; that he could scarcely get a meal to eat, and was obliged to help himself in all things?"

Poor Dorothy was overwhelmed: there was little need for her to speak; she lifted up her hands, and, almost in tears, entreated to know who had laid these slanders at her door.

"I never, but once, heard a word against Alice, and that was from gossips, who said something of Sky Williamson: but I told them I didn't believe it; and they asked me about whether I knew anything, and I said 'No.' The wicked story-telling tongues! Sure, sir, it's not them as have laid all this to me?"

"Whom do you mean?" said Mr. Verity, smiling. "Why, Bet Smith and Sally Brown." Dorothy then, with much simplicity, poured out her heart concerning their visit, John's wrath, and her discovery of their treachery.

Mr. Verity, though amused, looked grave as he said: "I cannot tell you how much I am relieved by what you have said. Alice has long been one of our Bible-class: she is a communicant. I have always thought highly of her; we hoped she would be useful among her companions, and help us by her consistent example. I have been told these things for the last week, in different places, and every one gives you up as the authority. Alice is out at work, and I have not seen her; but I am told Harrington is so offended with her conduct, that he has broken off the connection, and she, poor girl, is quite miserable. Oh, surely, if these wicked tongues could be made to feel a little of what they brought on their victims, they would be more careful; but I hope now I may be able to make the matter straight. Poor Alice, she could not have come to the vicarage, and appeared so fond of instruction, and have borne herself so innocently, if she had been going on in this way. I felt sure of it."

With kind warning not to set light by John's rigid exclusion of tongues from his dwelling, Mr. Verity took his leave.

John Dixon came home that evening in unusual spirits; his master had raised his wages, and he had determined on building a sty, and keeping a pig. "Dolly is a rare good worker," he had said to himself. "Nothing will please her better than to have a pig to serve, and she'll be so thrifty with it. I'll say this for her, there isn't a better wife, nor a harder working, in any man's house." These reflections brightened John's face; and as he took his seat and lit his pipe, he made several compliments to his wife. He never saw any chimney-corner like his own, so clean and bright—how tidy the young ones looked, what a smart body she was—smarter in her working things than many in their best.

Dorothy, at any other time, would have revelled in the happy mood of John; but now, the more kindly he looked on her, the less she liked to meet his eye; she could not find it in her heart to tell him of Mr. Verity's visit; she knew it would make him so angry; and yet, to Dorothy, concealment, especially from John, was like fire in her bones.

John's contemplations being chiefly settled on the sty and the pig, her want of sympathy passed unnoticed. She took the children up-stairs early, and was arranging how she should open the business to her husband, whom she felt she must tell, when she heard a voice in conversation with him. She found, on going down-stairs, old Barrow the shepherd, who had come to ask for physic for a cow.

"You see," said John, "what I've got is my master's, so I can't give it. I'll tell you who can give you some of his own—Reuben Berners."

The old shepherd shook his head.

"I don't like to go to him in his trouble."

"What trouble?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?"

"No. Is he sick?"

"Worse than that; his grand-daughter's in great trouble, and he takes on about it till he's quite sadly."

"What trouble has Alice got into?"

"Oh, she's been playing double with young Harrington; and now the master says as young Josh shan't have anything to say to her. He's downright set against her, and won't hear a word; but it's all true. I don't know the rights of it, but my missus was a-telling me as—"

"Oh, never mind," said John; "you should never attend to tales. My missus knows better than to tell me what's going on—don't you, Dolly?" but Dolly was so busy poking sticks into the oven to dry for the morning, that she could not attend.

"I'll go with you to Reuben's," said John; "a man's being in trouble is no reason for his being unneighbourly; and as I don't know anything about it, I can speak freely, and not hurt his feelings."

Dorothy was most uncomfortable. She had done nothing, and yet she felt she was mixed up with a very serious matter. When John returned, she was fully prepared for his censure; but he merely said, he thought after all the sty would be better nearer the house.

"How did you find Reuben?" asked Dorothy, much relieved.

"Find him? Very well. I never saw him in better spirits."

"And Alice?"

"Alice is out at work. Reuben says his only trouble is her being away. He wants her to give up work, and keep at home with him, but the girl wants to lay by a little, and no blame to her."

It was plain John was ignorant of what had given Dorothy so much concern.

"What was the meaning, then, of old Barrow's story?"

"The meaning was very like to be a hatch-up of some of the gossips—some like them I found here that day, that you've promised to have no more to do with; but I asked no questions; I went for stuff for the cow, and for stuff for the cow I asked, and nought else."

"Then it can't be true about Alice, if Reuben spoke so kindly of her."

"True? What?"

"Why, what old Barrow said, and what Mr. Verity——" here she stopped.

"Mr. Verity! What! is he amongst the busy-bodies? What should bring him to say anything about Alice?"

Dorothy was now fairly in for it; so, with as much discretion as she could muster, she detailed the morning visit and conversation. Very angry was John; the thought that his name and his wife's should have been made use of in so shameful a manner, made him at first unreasonably cross with Dorothy, who really had been but little to blame; and it was some time before he cooled down into silent indignation. He took several days to recover his serenity; but the progress of the pig-sty diverted his thoughts, and by degrees the whole affair was forgotten.

Let us now return to the day when Mr. Verity had been the means of raising this conversation in John Dixon's cottage. After a long and patient investigation he returned to the vicarage, very much tired both of talking and walking. He found his wife busy among her plants, her solace and companions in her solitary hours.

"How pale you look, Mr. Verity," she said, as he came in, and with evident fatigue threw himself into the easy chair.

"You will be very glad to hear," he said, "that it is all a fabrication about poor Alice, who is perfectly innocent."

"Oh, what wicked people these are!" exclaimed Mrs. Verity. "I never heard of such things till I came here."

"No, we knew very little of life till we came here," said her husband; "but man is the same everywhere, only in a place like this we are closer to one another, and see more plainly the working of the natural heart."

"I would rather not be so close," said Mrs. Verity with a sigh.

"Henrietta, as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man. Let us learn from what we meet with here, what we are ourselves."

Mrs. Verity did not answer, but a slight shrug showed that she did not see the case exactly as her husband did.

"What do you mean to do more?" she said, after a short silence.

"I shall go to old Harrington, and remove, if possible, his displeasure against Alice; and I shall see the young man, and show him how careful he should be about listening to reports; and I shall try and see Alice, and I hope to tell her that all prejudice against her is removed."

"That will be very pleasant," said Mrs. Verity; "but you must have some dinner first, and, if you like, I will go to Alice. She is at the Crutch farm, Betty says, and I can easily go there."

CHAPTER IV.—FALSE REPORTS AND IDLE TALES.

MR. VERITY looked much pleased. He was always gratified by her showing any sympathy with the people, from whom she had now quite kept aloof as much as possible, considering herself no mean martyr in consenting to live among them. She was often much struck by the unwearied spirit of patient love of Mr. Verity. Sometimes she was stirred up to imitate him; but more frequently she gave way to selfish regret that he cared so much more for those ungrateful, uncivilized barbarians, as she called them, than for her, leaving her hour after hour in order to attend to them in matters, to her view, quite unnecessary. A better spirit came over her as she saw the flush of pleasure on his pale cheek at her proposal; and she said, with apparent interest, "Now you must tell me all about it when you are a little rested. I am sorry your pattern woman, Dorothy Dixon, is no more to be depended on than the rest."

"Dorothy never uttered a syllable that was laid to her."

"Amazing! shocking! who set it about, then?"

"I believe, after much sifting, I have come to the bottom of it. The tales have been invented by different persons; but the scandal about Williamson, and her ill behaviour to her grandfather, has originated with Noma Berners."

"Noma Berners? why, isn't that her aunt?"

"Yes, I find from Mrs. Baxter, whose word can be trusted—for her head is full of sense, and her heart of charity—that Noma is very jealous that this orphan child should live with her grandfather, who has declared his intention of leaving all his money to her. She is angry that Joshua Harrington should have chosen Alice, instead of her daughter Rhoda. On these two accounts, she has a very wicked feeling towards Alice."

"I never could endure that woman, Charles. I was sure she was a hypocrite, the very first time I saw her—so full of fine speeches; a wicked old thing. I can't bear hypocrites; I'd rather have straightforward wickedness any day."

"I don't think her a hypocrite," said Mr. Verity, not heeding his wife's particular taste in iniquity; "but she is influenced by envy, which is rottenness of the bones, and jealousy, which is cruel as the grave. I am shocked when I think of what might have been the result; but I shall see Josh Harrington as soon as possible, and hope to be in time,

before he takes any rash step, though it is said he means to leave the country."

After dinner, Mr. Verity went to the Grange, and, as was agreed, his wife proceeded to the Crutch farm, to tell Alice that she must not despond, for there was little doubt all would be cleared up.

Mr. Verity found Mr. Harrington on his farm, busily engaged, and after a few friendly remarks on things around, he began to draw the conversation to the desired point.

"Yours is an interesting calling, Mr. Harrington."

"Yes, sir, it is, and very healthful too; there must be some kept to books, or the world wouldn't go right; but I'm glad enough my business is with the earth and the sky; plenty of fresh air, sir, that's my needful thing."

"Yours is more a doing than a talking life, Mr. Harrington."

"Talking, sir? that's what I never was given to: it was a text I learnt when I was a little boy, 'The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury;' but you know, sir, in all labour there is profit."

"Most true; what truth is there that man needs to know, that is not written in the book of truth, Mr. Harrington?"

"Ay, sir, it's all there. As I tell Josh, there is the wisdom that's profitable to direct; and, in pity to our slowness to learn, it is given line upon line, precept upon precept; and, read it as often as you may, it always comes fresh."

Mr. Verity was delighted with this opening. Accident had prevented him from having had much conversation with Mr. Harrington, who had been represented to him as conceited, and fond of his own opinion, by some who did not understand nor value his principles. Although seldom deterred from duty by personal considerations, he had rather shrunk back from seeking him out, and was always glad when his gentle wife was alone, as she had generally been in his calls at the Grange. Much encouraged now, he said, "The prominent word in God's book is Love."

"You're right, sir, you're right; why, what should you and I be, sir, if God wasn't Love?"

"What indeed! and yet, how little love we show to one another."

"Oh, sir, our ways are not like God's ways, nor our thoughts like his thoughts."

"No; I think a slanderous tongue is about the worst form of malice and wickedness that one can imagine."

"Well, well; I don't know—I don't know; words are but wind; blows break bones, but words are bad enough, I own."

"You don't listen to slander, Mr. Harrington?"

"Not I; nobody troubles me with tales; and if they did, I shouldn't hearken to 'em."

"Then you haven't heard anything lately that has vexed and hurt you?"

"Well, I can't say that; but I believe too much was made of it: I told Josh so, and think so still."

"Mr. Harrington," said Mr. Verity vehemently, "it is all false; I do assure you every word is false."

"You don't say so!" said the farmer, looking rather surprised at Mr. Verity's earnestness.

"Yes, I have investigated the matter thoroughly, and the whole has its rise from a very unchristian spirit of jealousy."

"The very thing I told Josh—the very thing."

"Yes, it is so indeed; and you may safely look on her as without a fault, so far as this goes."

"What, then—she didn't kick?" said the farmer.

Mr. Verity looked puzzled.

"Kick! who?" he asked.

"Why, the mare, sir, the mare. Wasn't you a speaking of the mare as we sent to Knowesly Fair? and they brought up such a tale all over the country, how she kicked, and knocked one man off her back, and nigh killed another, and upset I don't know how many folks. Josh is going to hear the rights of it to-morrow; he was sadly put about. And how come you to hear as it was all a tale, sir?"

Mr. Verity said, "Why, to say truth, Mr. Harrington, I know none of the circumstances concerning your mare; but—"

"Then if you don't know, sir, I'll just tell you how it was," said Harrington, whose spirit was stirred; "our Ned is rather full of fun, like all boys of spirit, and he taught the mare some tricks, but no vice, you understand, sir. However, my wife took against the mare, because she had a way of holding her head on one side, as Ned had taught her; and she declared she should be sold; and though Josh was very loth, and so was I, we sent her to Knowesly Fair; and they've got up a story that we sent her knowing she was vicious; and she kicked I don't know how many folk down in the fair; and nearly killed one—nay, quite killed him at first; but I told Josh it was nothing but jealousy. I told him so; but how came you to hear of it, sir?"

"Oh, reports will fly, you know; however, I don't know that it is of much consequence what is said; every one who knows you, would be satisfied you would not sell a vicious horse without its true character."

Truth to say, Mr. Verity was not sorry that he had not mentioned the slander concerning Alice, as he hoped that Mr. Harrington, from his manner and what had passed, had not heard it. He thought it a discovery worth trying for.

"Your son thinks of marrying, I'm told."

"Yes, sir, I suppose so; they've made up their minds."

"And you don't wish to unmake them, do you?"

"No, not at all. Alice is a good little girl, and will make him a good wife. She's full young; that's the only fault, but that'll mend."

Mr. Verity breathed freely. "Is your son at home, Mr. Harrington?"

"No, sir, no. He's gone to market, and I suppose he'll take the Crutch farm on his way home, for Alice is at work there. It's my brother, you know, sir, who lives there, and Alice is a great favourite with them. I think, when Josh takes her, he must take old Reuben with her, for the old man makes a great trouble of parting with her."

"I don't wonder at it," said Mr. Verity, who immediately made a most eloquent declaration of his opinion of Alice; and having thus cleared his heart of its weight, and finished his work, he hastened to meet his wife with the astonishing news

of Mr. Harrington's total ignorance of the report, and of the intended visit of Josh to the Crutch farm, whereby Alice would soon discover that her grief had been groundless.

Mr. and Mrs. Verity met in a field midway between the two farms, and Mrs. Verity cried out: "My dear, it is a fiction from beginning to end. Alice had never heard a word of the report, and of course I found her as merry as a cricket; for she expected her friend Josh to stay at the Crutch on his way from market."

"And old Harrington had never heard a word neither," said her husband.

They both laughed.

"Let us see: not only the tales against Alice, but her distress, her grandfather's displeasure, old Harrington's indignation, and young Harrington's desperation, are all deliberate fictions." Again they laughed.

"Well, it will be a good while, I hope, before you will take so much trouble for nothing," said Mrs. Verity. "Fancy, Charles, the fever you have worked yourself into, for the last week, all for nothing."

"It has not been for nothing," said Mr. Verity. "It is only by experience we learn. I have found by this, how much value to attach to reports, and the folly of fretting over what may have no real existence. What a day this has been! but I am thankful it ends so happily. I shall learn in time how to deal with the tongues, and in time also may learn to tame some."

"The tongue can no man tame," said Mrs. Verity, who couldn't often quote scripture against her husband.

"No, truly; but the Holy Ghost is Almighty, and He can do it through our instrumentality."

Mrs. Verity could not answer this, and they entered their home in silence.

THE MAORIES.

THE return of Sir George Grey to his New Zealand government will be hailed with general satisfaction. Judging from his past career and high character, there is every reason to hope that, with the blessing of God, his presence will restore peace and prosperity to the Colony. Having in recent papers* described Sir George Grey's former government, and having explained the causes of the present rebellion, we now add merely a few remarks on the Maories as a nation, believing that under wise management they will soon form a loyal and united dependency of the British empire.

The time is within memory, when, if a New Zealander had been spoken of, the imagination of most would have pictured a tall, grim, tattooed savage, with fire in his eye and fury in his look, or perchance smacking his lips and yelling with delight at the prospect of cooking a captive, and converting him into steaks and cutlets. It must be

* "Leisure Hour," No. 436, Governor Sir George Grey, with Portrait from an original photograph. No. 473, The New Zealand Dispute; with View of Tararangi Bay, from a sketch on the spot.

confessed, that upon Europeans first becoming acquainted with the race, appearances were strongly against them, so much so as to lead many to deem them irreclaimable barbarians. They drank the blood of their enemies as it flowed from their wounds on the field of battle, and feasted with horrid avidity upon their dead remains baked in ovens scooped in the earth. However cannibalism arose among them, it does not seem to have been prompted by any circumstances of distress or famine; and the daring outrage upon nature undoubtedly prevailed to a most shocking extent. Perhaps it had its origin in the vindictive feelings which have so remarkably distinguished the native wars, and in certain superstitious notions. It was supposed that by eating their enemies, they not only dishonoured the body, but insured to the spirit a perpetuity of misery; and that the person who fed upon the remains of an adversary killed in battle secured to himself a portion of whatever good-fortune had attended him. Still there is no question that, having become accustomed to the unnatural repast, it was sought for the gratification of appetite, as an affair of enjoyment. Cannibalism has now, perhaps, wholly ceased. The last known instance of it occurred in the year 1842 or 1843, in the case of Tarain, an old daring chief, who subsequently renounced many of the abominable habits of his ancestors, and cultivated friendly relations with the Europeans. Few savages remain in the islands; and while a large proportion of the natives have been more or less civilized, many have been brought under Christian influence.

The following anecdote is well authenticated. Previous to the Christmas of 1857, an aged native called at the station of a white settler, and in the course of his visit lamented that he was without sugar to entertain his friends at the festive period. The settler at once stated that, having had dealings with him before, which were satisfactory, he would trust him with a bag of sugar, to be paid for at harvest time. The old fellow was so overjoyed at this, that, when the bag was produced, he strutted round it, and studied its appearance from different aspects, as an architect might do Salisbury Cathedral. But suddenly his countenance fell, and, looking sorrowfully at the object of admiration, he said, "I cannot take your sugar; my tribe is now engaged in a war with Moana-Nui, in which we may any day all be killed, and then my harvests would never be got in, and you would never be paid." It was only upon the settler assuring him that, in case of such a catastrophe, he would go with his men and reap the wheat himself, that this very honourable man could be induced to take away the bag.

The Maori are a fine branch of the great Malay family. They vary in colour from the olive tinge of the south Europeans to a brown black. They are tall, muscular, and well-proportioned, have glossy, black, and curling hair, and their countenances are often very pleasing, especially those of the superior classes. They have considerable vigour of mind and forethought, enabling them to appreciate the benefits of civilization, and to pursue distant advantages with energy and self-denial. With very keen feelings, and extremely sensitive on all points

affecting their personal consequence, their passions are easily roused; and in their natural state, injury or insult prompts a deadly revenge, which is pursued in spite of every difficulty and danger. But this temperament is admirably adapted to form a fine character when under proper restraint and culture; and its exhibitions are not more terrible than tender in the mere savage, who, if he exults in the dying agony of a foe, will fall with tears on the neck of a friend or relative meeting after a long separation. The natives are chiefly found in the northern part of the north island, where many have large tracts of land under regular cultivation, and bring the produce of their fields to market. They are diminishing in number, and the pure stock seems destined to give place to a race of half-breeds. If ever Macaulay's vision is realized, of a New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge, it may be confidently predicted that he will have Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins.

Not at all to their taste is our stationary mode of public speaking, but deemed wholly incompatible with any strong interest in the subject in hand. The tattooed orator not only gesticulates, but requires space for locomotion while speechifying. He walks rapidly some twenty or thirty feet, speaking with volubility and emphasis as he advances; is silent during the retreat, and then cogitates the materials of a paragraph to be delivered on a re-advance. Or if unusually excited, he speaks as he moves both ways, and the walk quickens into a trot, or a regular run. Every now and then he pauses, for the purpose of chanting some song well known to his audience, generally to a mournful tune, in which they join at intervals. Not a jot does it signify, whether the song is appropriate or not to the subject under discussion. Out it comes, and is received by the hearers with becoming gravity, though to Europeans the effect would be ludicrous in the extreme. Fancy Mr. Bright, in the midst of a vehement harangue about reform, or Mr. Gladstone, while revealing the budget, to stop short, and sing half-a-dozen verses of "Chevy Chase," or "John Gilpin," to the air of "Lucy Neal," the whole house emphasizing the last lines of the stanza,

"And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see."

In addition to the *tangi* songs, or laments, the Maori have historical songs, containing the old traditions of the race—war and love songs; nor are they without their humorous poetry. A specimen of the latter was laid before the Ethnological Society as very popular, in 1858. A New Zealand sailor, on returning home from England, told his friends how that the Queen had fallen desperately in love with a tar named Haki, i. e. Jacky, chiefly owing to his enormous wealth; and that, finding him inexorable, she had climbed to the top-mast of one of her largest frigates, and had thrown herself headlong into the sea after chanting the following lines:—

"Wherefore, O Jacky, should I repine
For the gold that maketh all things
White, and clears all filth away?
Wait, O Jacky, let me weep,

Down
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may be
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Though perplexed by many evils,
For the cloud uprising yonder,
Image 'tis of my loved father.
Now I climb the topmost height
Of the tall and slender mast,
Whence to cast myself down headlong,
That I may be 'dinner ready'
For the fishes of the ocean—Hullo!"

Down she went at the "Hullo!" There is certainly a racy originality in the idea; and possibly much may be made of it in future ages. It is quite a feasible conjecture, that some Dr. Dryasdust of the southern hemisphere may turn the above up in a rummage, put on his spectacles to scan it closely, and after long cogitations, pronounce it to be a myth, signifying the fondness of the English for the sea, and their intimate connection with it.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE SWINDLERS.

There would be no supply of swindlers, if there were no supply of dupes; and dupes are often what we may call negative swindlers. The man who puts forth a tempting scheme to entrap the credulous, knowing it to be deceptive, is a positive swindler; and the man who allows his hunger for exceptional profits to overcome his prudence, is a negative swindler. There must always be two, if not more parties, to every trading transaction, and the blame which is bestowed upon one must certainly fall, in some degree, upon the other.

The late Duke of Wellington has the credit of saying that high interest is only another name for bad security. Whether he was the first to put this maxim into a neat and pungent form, is of little consequence; the truth is a truth, and has long been so recognised. Every man who can read, has doubtless seen it in some book, and if not, has had it retailed to him by some one who remembers it. With such an axiom to guide those who follow the common lot in buying and selling, it would hardly be supposed that any palpable fraud could be successful; and yet, our daily newspapers show how erroneous is this opinion. An advertisement is a luxury that costs money; and when a swindling individual, or a "gang," is able to appeal daily to the public in this shape, through the medium of the press, there is strong presumptive proof that the swindle is productive. Those advertisements headed "Money Wanted," "Money," or "Cash," which appear chiefly in one or two of the cheap daily newspapers, day after day, are evidently put in by bare-faced swindlers, and encouraged by the public. The following forms are usually adopted:—

CASH. £50.—£20 given for the IMMEDIATE LOAN of £50 for one week only. Security worth £200 (real and convertible at a moment's notice) deposited—Address, Beta, Post Office, Fleet St.

MONEY.—£25. A small manufacturer of six years' standing REQUIRES this SUM till the 30th inst. To ensure the punctual return, will deposit real security to treble the amount, and pay £7 for the accommodation. Address, H., Money Order Office, London Road, S.

A BONUS of £8 will be given for the use of £20 for seven days. Security to the value of £100 will be deposited. Address, I.O.U., Newcastle St., Strand.

The rate of profit here offered is generally about *two thousand per cent. per annum*; and if the axiom that high interest means bad security be as true as we suppose, what must be the nature of the security offered by these advertisers for money, and usually valued by themselves, at four times the amount of the required loans? The men who lend at such rates must expect to receive bundles of straw, boxes of sawdust, or bags of gravel in return for their money; and they can hardly expect to be pitied, when they write to say how they have been duped. One correspondent complains as follows, exposing the nature of the swindle:—

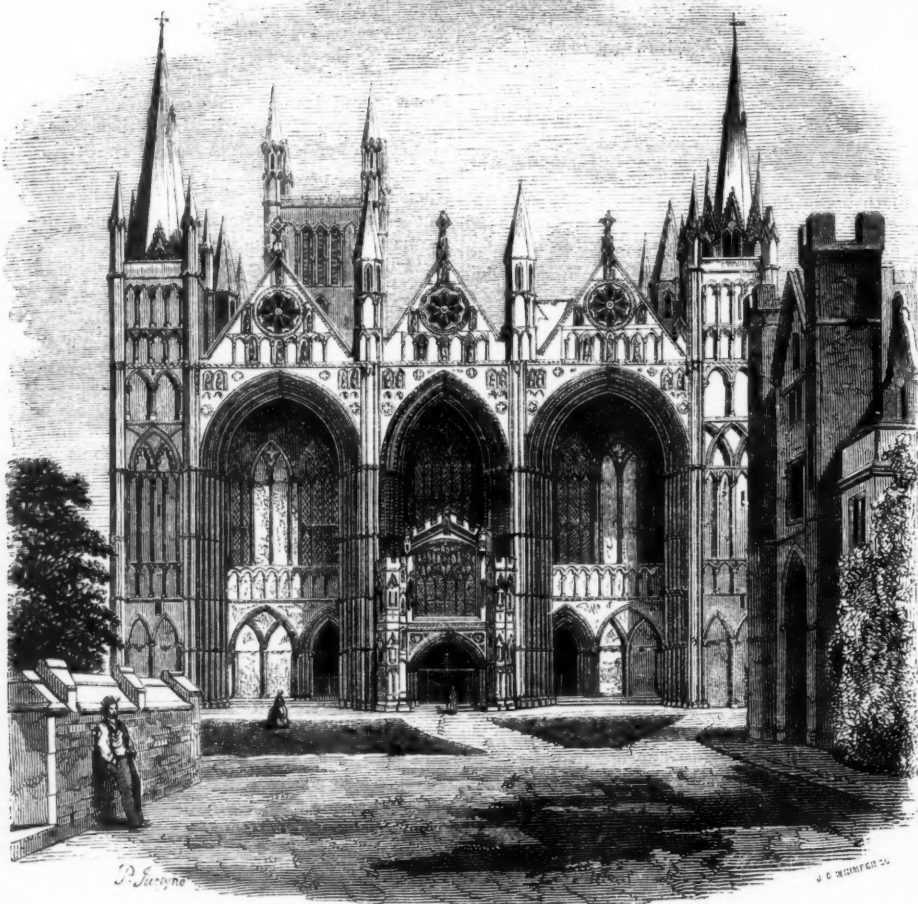
"I beg to state, for the benefit of others, how I have been victimized. I advanced £40 by way of loan, through an advertisement in a daily newspaper, offering £12 for the use of the money for fourteen days. Two men called at my house, dressed as gentlemen, and represented themselves as wholesale jewellers, stating that from the depression of trade they had been compelled to pawn part of their stock, and that their security was £150, upon which the pawnbrokers had lent them £40. Believing their statement to be true, I lent them the money, and the address they gave me was, I. Stephens, 4 Great Manchester Street, London; and, as a reference, Whittle & Co., metal merchants, Manchester Street, King's Cross.

"I now find that I have been swindled twice over. Having redeemed the articles, they prove to be almost valueless. A respectable jeweller informs me that the jewellery—consisting of diamond rings, bracelets, etc.—is imitation work; that the watches have been made up for pawning, at a wholesale cost of about 12s. each; and that the most I can realize on the whole is £20."

Another correspondent says:

"These swindling loan advertisers remind me of a transaction in which I was engaged some fourteen or sixteen years ago. I advanced £20, and received pawnbrokers' tickets representing about £100. The loan, of course, was not paid, and the borrowers decamped. I then redeemed some of the articles, and was mortified to find that, in most cases, they were not worth half the amount they appeared to be pledged for. In some instances I tried to repawn some of the pledges at the places where they had been redeemed from, but the pawnbrokers were very unwilling to look at them, and in no case did they offer me more than half the sum I had paid for their redemption."

It is very easy to say that such advertisers are a gang of unprincipled sharpers, and that certain pawnbrokers make up tickets and sell them to these men at nominal sums, in order to get rid of unsaleable stock at a good profit. Every swindle is performed in some way, if it is performed at all; and this explanation only clears up one half of the mystery. Without the dupes—the negative swindlers—the partners in the transaction, who are willing to play for a prize of two thousand per cent. per annum, the whole scheme would fall to the ground. As long as positive swindlers find a supply of these dupes, there will be a constant appearance of these enticing advertisements in the newspapers.



THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

I.—PETERBOROUGH, AND ROUND ABOUT IT.

FAR away over the great level of the fen-country the noble church of a bygone monastery meets the eye,

"A dim and mighty minster of old time,
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past,"

giving promise to the traveller of a place worth halting at to survey it closely; and many a mile apart from the spot, with a fresh, fair wind, he may catch the tones of the chiming bells.

"They are heard in rural villages like fairy tinklings clear,
They swell in loudest changes o'er the fields and gardens near;
Old men and youths are listening to their soft melodious spells,
And maidens' eyes are glistening at the pealing of the bells."

That church is Peterborough Cathedral, so constituted by Henry VIII, September 4, 1541, for it was previously a mitred Benedictine abbey. Within its shadow, the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland is about to hold its annual sessions, commencing on Tuesday, July 23rd, and concluding on Tuesday, July 30th. Under its roof Professor

Willis will lead round members and visitors, explain the remarkable features of the pile, and enable them to

"Got by heart
The eloquent proportions, and unroll
The mighty graduations, part by part."

An inaugural discourse on archæology, especially in relation to the county—Northamptonshire; a temporary museum of antiquities and works of art; reception and sectional meetings; soirées and excursions to adjoining monuments of the olden time, will mark the occasion. Having been beforehand with the Institute in visiting the neighbourhood, we now give the result to our readers.

Apart from the cathedral, Peterborough has no object of importance to show, and is without the slightest historical interest; but it may be noted as the only "city" we have which has neither mayor nor corporation, while a near neighbour, Ely, is the only city not represented in parliament. It stands within the limits of a remarkable district, on the Great Level of the Fens, as that wide range of flat country is called which extends, in the form of a

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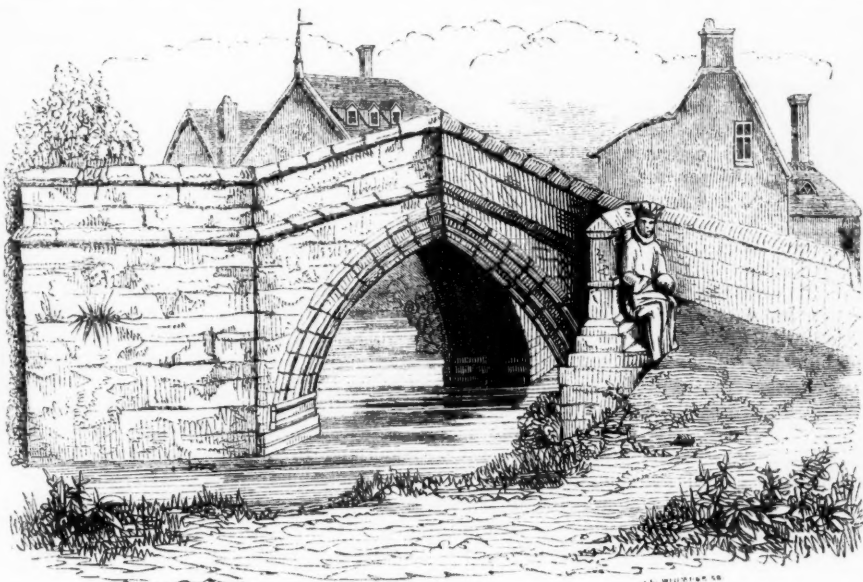
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horse-shoe, around the estuary of the Wash, to the distance of some fifty miles from the shores. Owing to the large volume of water brought down by the rivers, with their very slight fall, and the lowness of the region, it is exposed to floods after heavy rains, and to inundations of the sea in tempests, requiring a perfect net-work of artificial channels, with hydraulic machinery, to promote drainage, and embankments in order to keep the waters in check. An immense amount of skill and capital has been expended upon these constructions; and as the consequence, where the stagnant pool once existed, the cel glided, the frog croaked, the sedge grew, and the fowler sported in his boat, there is now in summer-time an apparently unbroken expanse of deep green pasture or of golden wheat, with numerous railways, one of which, the Great Northern, took us from town to Peterborough.

bronze swords, some of which will doubtless appear in the temporary archæological museum. Immoveable monuments also remain of the engineering skill and enterprise of the Romans, who, with their usual practical cleverness, soon perceived the value of the rich fen lands, and proceeded to shut out their great marine enemy by forming a continuous sea bank along the whole coastal line of Lincolnshire. Then they saved their new territorial conquest from the depredations of the inland waters by cutting that really wonderful water-course, the Car-dyke, which may still be traced from the banks of the river Nen, near Peterborough, to those of the Witham, near Lincoln, its whole length being fifty-seven miles, and original breadth sixty feet. They carried roads or causeways across the marshes, the principal of which extended from the site of Peterborough to Denver, in Norfolk, twenty-four



CROWLAND BRIDGE.

In days of yore, the district resembled a great lake interspersed with numerous islands, fringed with willow groves; and ecclesiastics specially flocked to it, owing to the insulated sites favouring the seclusion of the cloister, while the patches of land were highly fertile, and the waters abounded with fish. Hence here arose some of the largest and most important monastic establishments of the middle ages, the abbeys of Peterborough, Crowland, Ely, Thorney, Spalding, Ramsey, Sawtrey, and others, referred to in the rhyming proverb:—

" Ramsey, the rich of gold and of fee,
Thorney, the flower of many a fair tree,
Crowland, the courteous of their meat and drink,
Spalding, the gluttons as all men do think,
Peterborough the proud,
Sawtrey, by the way, that old abbey
Gave more alms in one day than all they."

But traces have been discovered of occupants in far more ancient times, the primitive Celtic inhabitants of Britain, in the shape of canoes, hatchets, and

miles long, and from forty to sixty feet broad, composed of fine gravel, three feet thick, now become extremely hard. Two centuries ago this great causeway was covered with moor to a considerable depth, but is at present higher in most parts than the fen-land, owing to the subsidence of the general surface through drainage and cultivation.

On monks taking possession, they industriously endeavoured to render the spongy soil of their island homes dry and firm, for the purpose of husbandry; and with such success that the "melancholy fens"—truly so called in after times, when protective works were neglected—are spoken of by an early chronicler, inhabiting the beautiful west of England, as the paradise of the kingdom, seeming a "heaven for the delight and beauty of them." An old ballad commemorates a visit of King Canute to the district.

" Merrily sang the monks within Ely,
When Canute the king rowed thereby:
' Row me, knights, the shore along,
And listen ye to these monks' song.' "

Twelve centuries have elapsed since the foundation of the monastery of Medehamstede, "the home in the meadows," by the side of which a village grew up. The name was changed to Gilden-burgh from the wealth of the abbey, and finally to Peter-burgh, now Peterborough, in honour of the patron saint. It possessed this peculiar distinction, that a visit to its high altar was considered equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome, and all of whatever degree who entered its great gate did so barefoot. The monks had also the privilege, by papal permission, to put on their caps in church, owing to the coldness of the place in winter. In 855, fires on the horizon announced the approach of an enemy—the Danes—whose proceedings answered to the strain with which they celebrated a foray: "We have sung them the mass of lances: it began early in the morning, and lasted until night." The abbey was fired, and continued burning several days. The terrified inmates perished. Survivors from the sack of Crowland came to bury the abbot and eighty-three monks in a common grave, as not one on the spot was left alive to perform the office. A stone monument, now in the Lady Chapel, was erected to their memory by Goodric, abbot, 1099—1103. A second building was ravaged by insurgents in the time of the Conqueror, and completely destroyed by an accidental fire, with the whole village or town, in 1116, the reign of Henry I. But legend says that the abbot had cursed the house in a passion, while one of the brothers had invoked the evil one, and hence the fire.

The foundation of the present structure dates from this period. Like all our cathedrals, it supplanted humbler edifices, grew up gradually, and reflects the science and taste of different periods. In October, 1238, time of Henry III, the church was consecrated by the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter, but subsequently received many additions, both extending its circuit and improving its architectural appearance. It is a regular cruciform building, chiefly of Norman or early English character, remarkable for the solidity and massiveness of its construction, occupying an engaging situation, in a green close, with garden, flower, and evergreen shrubberies, retired but not estranged from the ways of men. Leaving the railway station, and passing up a narrow street, we soon gain the court on the western side of the cathedral, the entry to which is by a Norman gateway. Crossing the threshold, on the left is Thomas à Becket's Chapel, now used as a school; on the right is the magnificent gateway leading to the bishop's palace, with the "knight's chamber" above it; and before us rises the west front of the pile, unequalled anywhere for simple grandeur and majestic beauty. The first sight of it usually makes an impression on the mind which is not readily effaced. It is unlike any other in the kingdom. The west fronts of the cathedrals of Wells, York, and Lichfield, surpass it in some respects, as in richness of detail, but they fall far short of Peterborough in the grandeur of their general effect. On the other sides of the building, a fine association of beautiful and mournful objects meets the eye. There is the ancient cemetery of the citizens, not now used, with graceful trees

hanging over the decayed tombstones, entered by a Late Perpendicular gate, richly ornamented; and ivy-clad ruins of the old infirmary, refectory, and cloisters, which present singularly varied tracery and mouldings. In the interior, we are conscious of a

"Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,
All musical in its immensities;"

and can appreciate the feeling which suggested the fine expression of Coleridge:—"I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being swells into the Infinite: earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into Eternity; and the only sensible impression left is, I am nothing."

Among the remarkable events in the history of the cathedral we note the burial of Catherine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII, who died at Kimbolton Castle, in 1536. A plain black marble slab, with a short brass inscription, marks the grave in the north aisle. Opposite, in the south aisle, a similar slab marks the spot where the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was first interred, executed at Fotheringay Castle, in 1586, a victim to the vanity and jealousy of Elizabeth. Though she suffered on the 8th of February, the body was not brought to Peterborough till the night of the 30th of July following, when it was conveyed by torch-light in a chariot covered with black cloth, attended by Garter King-at-Arms, other heralds, and a guard of horsemen. The funeral was solemnized on Tuesday, the 1st of August. Dean Fletcher headed the procession, followed by Bishops Howland, of Peterborough, and Wickham, of Lincoln. Next came the Lord Willoughby, of Parham, the Lord Mordant, the Lord Compton, and Sir Thomas Ciceal, all four in gowns, with white staves, representing the steward, chamberlain, treasurer, and comptroller. After these appeared sixteen Scots and Frenchmen, officers of her household; then Sir Andrew Nowel carrying the banner of Scotland; then Percullis, the herald, bearing the crown and crest. The dean read the funeral service; the prebendaries and choir sung an anthem; and the Bishop of Lincoln preached a sermon, taking for his text, "Lord, make me to know mine end." He curtly said, "Let us give thanks for the happy dissolution (!) of the high and mighty princess Mary, late Queen of Scotland, and Dowager of France, of whose life and death, at this time I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other. I will not enter into judgment further, but because it hath been signified unto me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ, we must hope well of her salvation; for as Father Luther was wont to say, many a one that liveth a Papist dieth a Protestant." Twenty-six years later, James I had the body of his mother removed to Westminster Abbey, which made old folks shake their heads, and say, "Stuart would not prosper, since the dead had been moved in their grave."

It is a singular circumstance that the same sermon, old Scarlet, officiated at the funerals of the two queens, events separated from each other by an interval of fifty years. He died at the age of ninety-eight, in 1594, after having buried the inhabitants

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of the town "twice over." Over the grave of this locally celebrated character, near the western entrance, hangs his portrait, which represents him with the emblems of his vocation, a bunch of keys, a spade, pick-axe, and skull. Under is the inscription:—

"You see old Scarlet's picture stand on high,
But at your feet there doth his body lie,
His gravestone doth his age and death-time show,
His office by these tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdy limb,
A scarebabe mighty voice with visage grim,
He had interred two queens within this place,
And this town's householders in his life's space
Twice over: but at length his own time came;
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done: no doubt his soul doth live for aye
In heaven, though here his body clad in clay."

Few ancient monuments remain, owing to the pranks of Cromwell's troopers, who had the edifice in their hands an entire fortnight, tore up the brasses, destroyed the chapels, and shivered to atoms many a piece of curious sculpture,

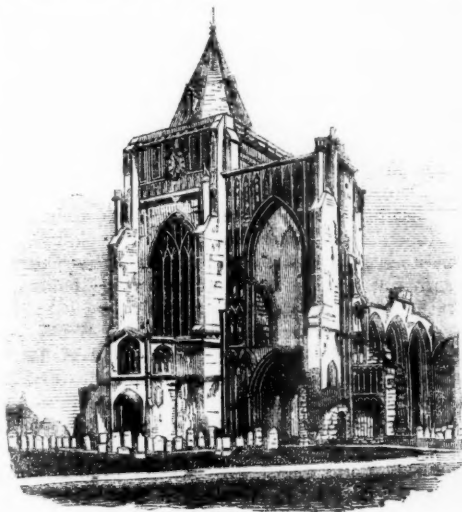
"In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be such."

The effigy of Alexander de Holderness, one of the old abbots, is shown, whose remains were discovered under singular circumstances, in the year 1830. While making a foundation for the new choir, the workmen came upon a stone coffin, which curiosity induced them to open. It contained the body of a man, with a large coarse garment round it, equipped with boots, and having a crozier by its side. The boots were what our modern Crispus call rights and lefts, in a good state of preservation. The crozier was perfect. Part of the body was hard, and of a copper-coloured hue; the other part was decomposed. But it was headless; and where the skull ought to have been, there was a piece of lead bearing the inscription, "Abbas: Alexander." One would like to have the disappearance of the head accounted for; but conjecture is useless.



Archæological excursionists are sure to go to Crowland or Croyland, some nine miles to the north, once a town, now a village, remarkable for its bridge, the oldest at present existing in England, a curious triangular erection of stone. It has three distinct approaches, and consists of three semi-arches, whose bases stand equidistant from each other, in the circumference of a circle, unite at the top, and form pointed arches. The reason for this singular con-

struction has not been chronicled; but its connection with a far-famed ecclesiastical establishment has suggested the idea that it was designed to be an emblem of the Trinity, and built rather to excite admiration than to serve any useful purpose. A sitting figure, at one approach, is supposed to represent a Saxon king, but has been locally called Oliver Cromwell, with a penny loaf in his hand, as an expression of spite.



CROWLAND ABBEY.

The great abbey of Crowland, now a highly interesting ruin, rose on one of the fen islands, and acquired distinction from being presented over by a Chancellor of England, the first on record of whom we have much account. This was Turketul, a grandson of King Alfred, who united integrity to ability, and through four reigns rendered signal service to the state in the national councils and on the field of battle. Returning from a journey in the north, he stopped at Crowland, and found the abbey a desolation, to which it had been reduced by the Danes. Of the once flourishing community, three old monks alone remained, who had constructed a humble home and oratory amid the fire-scathed walls of the church. They accommodated their visitor for the night, together with his train, as best they could, told him their story, and begged his intercession with the king, Edred, for the restoration of the edifice. The interview made a powerful impression upon his mind, and, on reaching court, he astonished his royal master by avowing his intention to become a monk. Accordingly, he caused proclamation to be made in London, by the public crier, that he was anxious to discharge at once his debts, and if he had wronged any man, willing to restore him threefold. Resigning all his offices, Turketul repaired to the fens, devoted himself to the re-edification of the structure, became abbot, and there spent the remainder of his days.

The site of the abbey was originally rendered famous by an anchorite, Guthlac, the first explorer of Crowland fen. A terrible attack was made upon him, as appears from his *ms. life* in the British

Museum. No sooner had he chosen his quarters, than of a sudden he discerned his cell filling rapidly with black troops of unclean spirits. They crept in under the door, also through chinks and holes, till the apartment was fairly darkened. Never was any description more tremendously circumstantial than the one given of their physiognomy. "In their looks they were cruel, and of form terrible, having great heads, long necks, lean faces, pale countenances, ill-favoured beards, rough ears, wrinkled foreheads, fierce eyes, stinking mouths, teeth like horses, spitting fire out of their throats, crooked jaws, broad lips, loud voices, burnt hair, great cheeks, high breasts, rugged thighs, bunched knees, bended legs, swollen ankles, open mouths and hoarse cries." Not content with figuring in a hideous apparition, the monsters pounced upon the unhappy man, bound him hand and foot, drew him out of his cell, and tossed him into the fen. Thus, in the days of superstition and romance, our simple-minded ancestors gave bodily shape to the agues, rheumatisms, and cramps, which afflicted the inhabitants of the marsh-lands, and especially assailed with the utmost virulence any new-comer. Hence originated legends respecting dragons and monsters of fearful shape, once prevalent in the entire district, which, handed down from father to son, gathered additional wonders in their transmission. Of course, in harmony with this idea, such men as Rennie and Telford, who perfected works of drainage, and thereby removed the causes of disease, may be appropriately regarded as great dragon-slayers.

Striking changes have transpired in this part of the kingdom, besides the toppling down of abbeys, the banishment of agues, and the destruction of imps. Both the flora and the fauna have been affected by the drainage of the fens; for while reedy forests have given way to crops of corn, the wild-fowl they harboured have been compelled to look out for fresh nesting places. The stork, once a summer visitor from the east, now stops short in Holland on its westward migrations; and curious birds formerly found in solitary swamps are seldom met with. The edible frog, rare in England, but common aforetime here, known as the "Cambridgeshire nightingale" and the "Whaddon organ," from its musical croak, have become scarce; and the beautiful swallow-tailed butterfly, delighting in marshes, has been annually decreasing. Well, be it so. We can relinquish the frog without tear or sigh, but would keep the butterfly, if it were possible. Yet, as one of the two alternatives must be chosen, the preference is readily given to the wheat-stalk rather than to a purely ornamental insect.

[To be continued.]

GORILLA STORIES.

OUR readers have already had an account of Mr. Du Chaillu's African discoveries and adventures, from the pen of Mr. F. T. Buckland,* forming a brief report of the meeting of the Geographical

Society, as well as of private conversations with Mr. Du Chaillu. The journal of the daring traveller has since been published,* and from it we extract some of Mr. Du Chaillu's own narratives of his encounters with the terrible gorilla.

FIRST SIGHT OF GORILLAS.

Looking once more to our guns, we started off. I confess that I never was more excited in my life. For years I had heard of the terrible roar of the gorilla, of its vast strength, its fierce courage, if unhappily, only wounded by a shot. I knew that we were about to pit ourselves against an animal which even the leopard of these mountains fears, and which, perhaps, has driven the lion out of this territory; for the king of beasts, so numerous elsewhere in Africa, is never met in the land of the gorilla. Thus it was with no little emotion that I now turned again toward the prize at which I had been hoping for years to get a shot.

We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite. Alongside of this granite block lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorillas.

Our approach was very cautious. We were divided into two parties; Makinda led one and I the other. We were to surround the granite block behind which Makinda supposed the gorilla to be hiding. Guns cocked and in hand, we advanced through the dense wood, which cast a gloom even in midday over the whole scene.

I looked at my men, and saw plainly that they were in even greater excitement than myself. Slowly we pressed on through the dense brush, fearing almost to breathe lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately, he circled it at too great a distance. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running toward the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more, we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us.

I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these "wild men of the woods."

FIRST SHOT AT A GORILLA.

We saw several gorilla tracks, and about noon divided our party, in the hope of surrounding the

* In No. 486, "The Gorilla at Home," by the Author of "Curiosities of Natural History." In a previous number (379), an account was given (with illustrations) of a specimen formerly sent to this country.

* London: Murray, 1861.

resting-place of one whose tracks were very plain. I had scarce got away from my party three hundred yards, when I heard the report of a gun, then of three more, going off one after the other. Of course I ran back as fast as I could, and hoped to see a dead animal before me, but was once more disappointed. My Mbondemo fellows had fired at a female, had wounded her, as I saw by the clots of blood which marked her track, but she had made good her escape. We set out at once in pursuit; but these woods are so thick, so almost impenetrable, that pursuit of a wounded animal is not often successful. A man can only creep where the beast would run.

Night came upon us while we were still beating the bush, and it was determined to camp out and try our luck again on the morrow. Of course, I was only too glad. We shot some monkeys and birds, built our camp, and, while the men roasted their monkey-meat over the coals, I held my birds before the blaze on a stick. Fortunately we had food enough, and of a good kind, for next day.

We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla—only the everlasting little chattering monkeys, and not many of these, and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa, as the reader has seen by this time, are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary; and presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees, which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party, he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest and great muscular arms, with

fiercely-glaring, large, deep, grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision; thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. He begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat, than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again, advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet; death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

HUNTER KILLED BY A GORILLA.

The gorilla chooses the darkest, gloomiest forests for its home, and is found on the edges of the clearings only when in search of plantains, or sugar-cane, or pine-apple. Often they choose for their peculiar haunt a wood so dark that, even at midday, one can scarce see ten yards. This makes it the more necessary to wait till the monstrous beast approaches near before shooting, in order that the first shot may be fatal. It does not often let the hunter reload.

Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot, where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most

terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening alarm. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and, I thought at first, quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth. We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes.

When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breast, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him.

To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps. He stood his ground, and, as quickly as he could, reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank bleeding to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.

When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods.

We hunted up our companions and carried our poor fellow to the camp, where all was instantly excitement and sorrow. They entreated me to give him medicine, but I had nothing to suit his case. I saw that his days were numbered.

THE LAST GORILLA SHOT.

I find that I do not get accustomed to the roar of the gorilla. Notwithstanding the numbers I have hunted and shot, it is still an awful sound to me. The long reverberations coming from his potent chest; the vindictive bark with which each roar is begun; the hollow monotone of the first explosion; all are awe-inspiring, and proclaim this beast the monarch of these forests.

When the animal became aware of our approach, he at once came towards us, uttering a succession of the short bark-like yells which denote his rage, and which have a peculiarly horrible effect. They remind one only of the inarticulate ravings of a maniac.

Balancing his huge heavy body with his arms, the animal came towards us, every few moments stopping to beat his breast and throwing his head back to utter his tremendous roar. His fierce gloomy eyes glared upon us; the short hair was rapidly agitated, and the wrinkled face seemed contorted with rage. He was like a very devil, and I do not wonder at the superstitious terror with which the natives regard it.

His manner of approach gave me once more an opportunity to see with how much difficulty he supports himself in the erect posture. His short and slender legs are not able firmly to sustain the vast body. They totter beneath the weight, and the walk is a sort of waddle, in which the long arms are used, in a clumsy way, to balance the body and keep up the ill-sustained equilibrium. Twice he sat down to roar, evidently not trusting himself to this exertion while standing.

My gun was fresh loaded, and could be depended upon, so I stood in advance. I waited, as the negro rule is, till the huge beast was within six yards of me; then, as he once more stopped to roar, delivered my fire, and brought him down on his face dead.

It proved to be a male, full-grown, but young. His huge canine tusks, his claw-like hands, the immense development of muscle on his arms and breast, his whole appearance, in fact, proclaimed a giant strength. There is enough likeness to humanity in this beast to make a dead one an awful sight even to accustomed eyes, as mine were by this time. I never quite felt that matter-of-course indifference, or that sensation of triumph which the hunter has when a good shot has brought him a head of his choice game. It was as though I had killed some monstrous creation, which yet had something of humanity in it. Well as I knew that this was an error, I could not help the feeling.

This animal was five feet eight inches high. In the evening Minsho brought in a young female he had shot, which measured three feet eight inches.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE GIPSIES.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries, the clans of Yetholm and the neighbourhood traversed the mountainous parts of the adjacent counties, committing great and daring depredations. One Sunday a gang broke into the house of Pennycuik, while the greater part of the family were at church. Sir John Clerk, the proprietor, being at home, had to barricade himself in his own apartment, while he sustained a kind of siege. He fired upon the marauders from the windows, and they fired at him in return. A curious accident led to their discomfiture. In the course of a rummage for the family plate, and other portable articles of value, one of them began to ascend the stair of a very narrow turret. He was just getting to the top when his foot slipped, and, to save himself from falling, he seized hold of a rope hanging conveniently near, and arrested his descent. But this proved to

be the rope belonging to the alarm bell, which the fellow's weight set ringing. The sound reached the church, startled the congregation, and speedily brought some of its members to the rescue, suspecting an affair of robbery.

The titles of kings, queens, lords, and others, have prevailed among the gipsies from the time of their first appearance in Europe, by means of which their introduction into different countries was materially aided, as refugees owning the government of persons of quality. Though deemed of importance, as commonly securing to the holders of them a certain measure of honour and respect among the members of their tribe, such titles do not appear to have conveyed the exercise of any direct authority, or even of influence, when unsupported by claims to consideration for superior activity, shrewdness, or other natural endowments. Yet in some foreign countries, as Transylvania, the leaders have had extensive powers. Hereditary rights to real or nominal chieftainship have been respected, and have also as often been disregarded, in favour of some person of importance in the community, or who, by capacity, has raised himself to notice. The celebrated Jean Gordon held the rank of Queen of the Yetholm clans, as did her grand-daughter, Madge Gordon, who was accustomed to boast that so great was her sway, she could bring friends to avenge her wrongs from the remotest parts of the island.

Jean Gordon, the original of Sir Walter Scott's heroine, Meg Merrilies, was a remarkable woman in person and character. She stood full six feet high, and exemplified in a high degree the savage virtue of fidelity. She never forgot a kindness or a wrong, scrupulously respected the property of those who befriended her, and did her best to save them, by timely warning, from meditated violence, but pursued those who had injured her with the tenacity of a bloodhound, to obtain her revenge. After being hospitably treated at the farm-house of Lochside, she was so mortified and ashamed on discovering that her sons had there committed a theft, that she absented herself for years from the homestead. Either a husband or some near relative, being murdered in a quarrel by a gipsy named Rob Johnstone, she never rested till the offender was brought to justice. The man was condemned to the gallows, but broke out of Jedburgh jail and fled the country; but she tracked him to Holland, thence to Ireland, saw him brought back to his old quarters to undergo his doom. "Weel, Jean," said one, "ye hae got Rob Johnstone hanged at last, and out o' the way." "Ay, gude-man," replied she, lifting up her apron by the two corners, "and a' that fu' o' gowd has na done't." All her sons, nine in number, were condemned to die on the same day at Jedburgh, charged with various acts of crime. It is said that the jury were divided in opinion as to their verdict, when one who had been asleep during the whole of the discussion, awoke suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation, exclaiming, "Hang 'em a'!" Jean, who was present, cried out, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!" The law laid hold upon her at last, and she had to enter the Edinburgh tolbooth, then bearing the inscription,

"A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among."

A petition is extant, presented by "Jean Gordon, commonly called the *Dutchess*," in which she speaks of herself as "now become an old and infirm woman, having been long in prison," and prays to be allowed to take "voluntar banishment upon herself, to depart from Scotland, never to return thereto." Liberated she was, and met with a most melancholy and brutal death. Being a staunch Jacobite, never shrinking from the avowal of her political sentiments, the mob set upon her in the streets of Carlisle on a fair or market-day, and she perished in the waters of the river Eden. Upon the publication of "Guy Mannering," in which she is a principal personage, and the popularity thereof, a French cook in the service of the Duke of Buccleugh very characteristically invented a new dish, with the name of *potage à la Meg Merrilies*.

At the close of Jean Gordon's reign, and long afterwards, Willie Marshal was king of the gipsies in the western Lowlands. He survived to the extraordinary age of a hundred and twenty years, according to a record of his birth and death, which last event took place at Kirkcudbright, on the 23rd of November, 1792. Seven times was he pressed or enlisted into the army, and deserted as often, besides three times absconding from the naval service. Seventeen times during his long career was he legally married. How often he was in trouble for helping himself to other people's possessions has not been recorded, but it may be reckoned by the dozen. His Majesty was reduced in his last days to subsist upon a small pension allowed him by the Earl of Selkirk. He lies buried in Kirkcudbright Church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two tup's horns. Giles Hather and his wife were long famous as the reputed sovereigns of all the English bands. But the poet's sketch of such potentates must be taken as an ideal one.

"Time has whitened his locks, though it never could bring
A cloud o'er the brow of the Gipsy King;
He wanders now through the lonely ways,
But they lead to the thousand palaces,
Which Nature has rear'd for her merry guest,
In the wood, and the glen, and the mountain crest.

"Nay, doubt not; yonder he lays him down,
Under the beech-trees' branches brown:
And where is the palace that may compare,
For lawns, and prospects, and taintless air,
And singing bird, and murmuring spring,
With this where slumbers the Gipsy King?

"When Winter rides on the wild sea-wave,
The gipsy retires to his mountain cave—
Palace I mean; or he laughs away
The hours in some ruined castle grey;
While the ale-cup circles from hand to hand,
With the song and the tale of his dark-eyed band.

"His step is kingly, his bearing high;
Few could pass him unnoted by;
For, though I have heard he won't disdain
To take where he gives not back again,
From the lonely hut to the lordly hall,
He's frankly welcomed by one and all.

"Now joy be with him wherever he stray,
Bright and calm his declining day;
And long averted the icy dart
That must chill at last his jovial heart:
May he come when the cuckoo folds its wing,
In our glen as of old—the Gipsy King."

The last specimen of royalty at Yetholm, of any note, Will Faa, assumed in his way a stately deportment on certain occasions. He had twenty-four children, and at each christening he attired himself with care in his original wedding dress. Twelve young females were always present as part of his retinue, to wait upon the numerous guests, and afterwards partake of the festivities. He was an excellent fisherman, and expert poacher. Falling into necessitous circumstances, he became protector of game on several farms belonging to a neighbouring proprietor. In his old age, he wished to see the laird before he died, and was seen at Edinburgh, tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing vociferously, having effected his object. Death overtook him on his way home. The tribe assembled to celebrate his obsequies, which were continued through three successive days and nights, and were repeated at Yetholm, whither he was carried for interment. This was towards the close of the last century, upon which Charles Blythe, the husband of Eddy Faa, a sister of the deceased monarch, seized the kingship.

Though rarely seen well dressed, even if in the possession of good clothes, both males and females have always been remarkably fond of finery, such as broad lace, large ear-drops, rings, silver buttons, and glaring colours. In odd alliance with a tattered garb, three massive rings soldered together have been seen upon the finger, with a half sovereign on the top, to serve in lieu of a brilliant stone. Attachment to deceased relatives and friends has also distinguished these extraordinary people, evinced by the visitation of their graves, and the preservation of articles belonging to them. But all the clothes of the dead are carefully burnt, it being deemed unlucky for another to wear them. It has been common with them to regard states of the weather, the appearance of the sky, the direction of the wind, and other natural phenomena, as ominous of good or ill fortune, to be attentively examined therefore before proceeding on any enterprise, or deciding on the particular route to be pursued. Our climate has usually enforced them the protection of a roof in winter in the towns and villages, limiting the season of itinerancy and out-door accommodation to the summer months, from March to November. Some still travel the country; but, unable now to lay the farm-yards in their way under contribution, and profitably exercise the thieving propensity, they are forced to apply themselves to some occupation for daily bread, and hence journey as chair-menders, knife-grinders, tinkers, basket-makers, and dealers in rude earthenware, heather brooms, and mats. Fortunate-telling has, however, been their principal aim, and greatest source of gain—a task committed to the women, and conducted by them with no little art. Having previously procured information of their confidant's connections, affairs, and future prospects, they have often excited astonishment at

their apparently superhuman knowledge, and been encouraged to ply the craft by those who ought to have taught them its folly and wickedness. "As we were riding away," says Addison, in the "Spectator," "Sir Roger told me that he knew several very sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things:" a hint which there is no mistaking, as to the worthy baronet himself being much of the same mind, but not liking to confess it. Still, as our police reports testify, the so-called wise woman and cunning man follow their calling, dupes presenting themselves to be made their victims; and we are sometimes startled with such instances of credulity as to make us wonder what our schools have been doing. The practice cannot be too strongly reprobated, as irreligious in principle, and foolish in the extreme. God takes not the wicked into his counsels. The power of foretelling future events can come alone from him, when, for some wise and gracious purpose, he has been pleased to grant it.

The first work published upon the gipsies was the learned H. M. G. Grellmann's "Historischer Versuch über die Ziguener," at Gottingen, in 1787, in which he estimated the number then in Europe at between seven and eight hundred thousand. This was translated into English by M. Roper, Esq., in 1792. Mr. Hoyland, of York, a member of the Society of Friends, who took a benevolent interest in the race, wrote a plain but satisfactory account of them, which appeared in 1816, containing reports concerning their circumstances and habits in different parts of the kingdom. In 1827, an institution for the improvement of these long neglected people was founded at Southampton, by Mr. Crabb, who wrote the "Gipsies' Advocate." He supposed the number in Great Britain to be about 18,000. At Yetholm, through the efforts of the parish minister, Mr. Baird, considerable advances towards civilization have been made. Many of the gipsies were induced by him to send their children to school, and some to attend his ministry themselves, while a copy of the Scriptures was placed in every dwelling by the Edinburgh Bible Society. More recently, at Farnham, in Surrey, a school has been opened; and by the girls becoming domestic servants, the young men farm-labourers, which the changed circumstances of the country to a great extent enforce, they mix more with the population, and marry out of their tribe. From these causes, before many years have run their course, the pure oriental blood will have ceased to flow, and the gipsy disappear from the surface of society with us, as completely as he has vanished from many favourite haunts. Pleasant Norwood and its neighbourhood, seven miles from the metropolis, was within memory a much frequented place of resort. Often have its grassy lanes and umbrageous trees, with the smoke of a camp-fire rising above them, tempted the pencil of the artist. But in no spot are the marks of change now more decided. Suburban residences have taken the place of camp-fires and sylvan scenes; Penge Wood is largely dismantled; and the signs of a new generation are on every hand—the Crystal Palace and the Queen's Hotel.

OR,
CHAPTER

"You have said Mr. broidery.
"Yes,
No. 5